UNDISCOVERED CITIES OF PERU. A Young Man with a Romantic History and Very "Haggardy" Ideas of South America.

Kansas City Star.

At sunrise this morning a man walked out of the city on the Missouri Pacific railway tracks, with just \$2.50 in his pocket to york city. His name is Maurice Scholl, and the story of his adventurous life, hith-erto fully recounted in the Star, reads more like romance than the record of actual ex-

Scholl is of medium height, but is strongly bnilt, and his sun-browned face and hands cell of exposure in the open air. He is now about thirty-three years of age, and in the years that have passed since he attained his manhood have been crowded more adventurous experiences than ordinarily befall a hundred men.

Fourteen years ago, when a careless young student at the University of Jena, in Germany, Scholl heedlessly fell in love with Marguerite Miller, the pretty daughter of a staid old burgomeister in a small adjacent town. His closest friend, Ed-mund von Wandel, a commissioned officer in the German army, was enamored of Scholl's blue-eyed sister, and for a time the course of each true love ran smoothly on. But presently Scholl's family discovered his attachment for Marguerite, and in every way discountenanced it. Finally Von Wandel was selected to break it up.

One night in March, 1876, as Scholl with his sweetheart entered the Stadt Theater, Von Wandel, pale but resolute, stopped them just within the entrance and londly said that the girl was unfit to be the wife of any man. The audience looked with excited interest on a scene that would have held their attention even had it been mimicry on the stage before them, the while Von Wandel continued to assail the character of the trembling girl who clung in fright to her lover's arm. Presently she fainted from shame and terror and her public accuser hurriedly left the theater.

There was but one course, and Scholl took it. In the somber gray light of a dripping March morning he and Von Wandel, accompanied by their seconds, met in an open space in the woods near the town. Scholl returned with a bullet in his shoulder, while his antagonist lay dead upon the field, a bullet from Scholl's pistol in his heart. Scholl sought safety in flight, and, assisted by his friends, reached Hamburg Co., who, in 1880, appointed him their agent to secure concessions from the government for the guano deposits on the islands off the Chilian coast. He was successful, though he had for competitors the most noted firms in the South American trade, and he spent \$160,000 in his efforts to obtain success. There he had a love affair with the daughter of President Santa Maria which nearly caused his death, a Chilian rival trying to assassinate him. From Chili, still as the representative of Vor-weck & Co., he took thirteen ship-loads of wheat to Cape Town, Africa, where illness brought about by a fever resulted in a slight paralysis and temporarily incapacitated him from further work. Disguised he made a trip to Germany, saw his Marguerite and was assured of the constancy of her affections. He then came to the United States and after some roving about settled in Kansas City, being last year employed in the county surveyor's

In December last he informed a reporter that he intended to return to Germany and marry his sweetheart Margurite, as soon as he could receive the official assurance he was then trying to obtain, that he would not be prosecuted for killing Von Wandel. His own father is yet slive, and curiously enough, deeply embittered against his errant son, as is also, naturally, the father of Von Wandel, and he was apprehensive that his efforts would not be successful. Yesterday Scholl was seen at the federal building whither he had mistakenly gone to make inquiries concerning naturalization papers, by a reporter to whom he dejectedly said, when asked if it was yet his intention to

return to Germany: "No, there is no need of my going nowdon't care ever to see Germany again, and am going back to South America, Marguerite is married—after waiting for me so long Marguerite is married—and married a brother of Van Wandel, the man I killed. I start for New York city to-morrow. shall walk, as all I have is \$2.50, and that wouldn't take me very far on the cars,

Scholl then told anew the story of his life and of his more recent experiences. He said that he had been working for some months for Rudolph Hottleman, a surveyor, in this city, but did not draw any pay, alleging that Hottleman promised to give him a large part of the cargo "when his ship came in." Scholl says that the ship came in, but that the coming has not benefited him in any way.

When in Chili and Peru, Scholl met ex-Mayor William R. Grace, of New York city, now deeply interested in South American projects, and it is the object of his long walk to see Mr. Grace and become associated with some of his enterprises. After the publication in the Star last November of the story of Scholl's career, he received several letters from New York city papers who were desirous of having him act as their South American correspondent in case he should return to that country. He is a talented linguist, speaking German, French, English, Italian, Spanish, Portugese and Russian, but the inadequate to convey his knowledge concerning what he calls the treasure cities of

Chili and Peru. Scholl fairly out Haggards Haggard in his statements concerning cities founded in the days of the Incas in remote and nearly inaccessible places, where a remnant of the old race survives extinction, and where are hoarded the fabulous treasures of the accumulated gold and silver of centuries. According to Scholl's statement these ancient cities are located in the far interior, and are difficult of approach by reason of steep mountain barriers and thickgrown thickets so interlocked and dense that the open plains between can be reached only by a maze of narrow footpaths patiently cleared, and so planned that even if a traveler reached the thickets alive, death from starvation would be nearly certain to the lost wanderer in the labyrinthine and rarely trodden paths. The dwellers in these cities have not ventured from the territory which nature has circumscribed with such nearly impenetrable defenses of thicket and precipice, since the days when they retreated there, pressed by the ruthless hands of the Spanish invaders who sought to despoil them.

Scholl asserts that if he had but means and influence to sustain his effort, he could make his way into the undiscovered cities, in this case truly the bourne from which no traveler has ever returned. The suggestion of enormous wealth that is afforded by the word millions dwindles to nothing in com-parison with the incalculable treasure that scholl asserts is stored in the interior cities of which he tells. All the treasure houses of the world, he says, could not with their united riches rival in value those that are heaped up in the cities of the Incas. Scholl's belief in the existence of the cities and the treasures they contain is evidently genuine. It is now his sole desire to equip himself for their discovery, and certainly the strength of that desire must be very great and his convictions strong, for else the nearly penniless man would not at daybreak this morning have begun his tramp of 1,500 miles.

BROUGHT GREELEY TO THE SCRATCH How Pittsburg Workingmen Induced the Great Editor to Face the Music.

Pittsburg Dispatch. One of Pittsburg's oldest manufacturers was in a reminiscent mood yesterday, and among other things he related was an account of a visit that Horace Greeley once paid this city, which has not yet appeared in print. It was during the war days.

Previous to the interstate conflict the great New York editor had been radical and vigorous in his denunciation of slavery, and it is probably due as much to his strong writings as any other cause that the rebellion was precipitated in 1860, but when the war commenced Mr. Greeley began to hedge in his editorials. He had advised stringent measures, but was afraid to apply them when the time came. A local club of one hundred Pittsburgers, most of them employed in Shoenberger's mill, didn't like the crawfish qualities displayed by the Tribune editor, so one day they held a meeting and appointed one of their num-ber to write Mr. Greeley a letter.

The cleverest writer was selected, and he penned a strong epistle. Among other things he said that if the government was to be sustained, the press of the North must show more backbone, and the Tribune in particular. Its former vigorous policy was not in keeping with its weak utterances. The cleverest writer was selected, and he

This letter was duly sent to Mr. Greeley, more as a joke than anything else, and the boys forgot all about it. One day a tall of their occupation have been lessened.

man with white hat and broad rim, a long coat of the same color reaching to his ankles, a fine picture of the typical Yankee farmer, stood in the office of Shoenberger's mill, and announced himself as Horace Greeley. He wanted to see the man who wrote him that letter, and the letter-writer, not expecting such a denouncement, was badly rattled for a moment. But he quick-ly recovered his equilibrium, and, some of the members of the club coming to his rescue and indorsing the letter, he was willing

cue and indorsing the letter, he was willing to submit to an interview.

The conference was held, and the editor was so pleased with the writer that the pair were soon seen walking over the mill property, arm in arm. Mr. Greeley didn't say what he would do, but the next week there was a red-hot editorial in the New York Tribune, and it was along the line mapped out for him by the Shoenberger Club. He acknowledged that he had been wrong, and he wished to make amends and come out on the right side.

Some time afterward Greeley visited Pittsburg again. He was accompanied by General Butler. At that time the General had already distinguished himself at New Orleans, and he was very popular. Greeley took him to see the nail mill out Penn avenue. The boys got an inkling that they were coming, and it was agreed that at a given signal the mill should be stopped.

When Butler and Greeley got into the

When Butler and Greeley got into the works, suddenly the whistle blew, the machines ceased their busy whir, and the employes surrounded the two famous men and demanded a speech. The occasion was a novel one, but Butler was not to be outdone. Greeley helped him to clamber up on a pile of nail kegs and the General's effort was appreciated. The doors of the mill were thrown open, and in fifteen minutes, the

thrown open, and in fifteen minutes, the narrator says, an audience of 2,500 people had collected. The General made a great speech on war subjects, which was enthusiastically received, Greeley, with some others, leading in the applause.

For some reason Greeley did not speak, but the old iron man's eyes brightened as he remembered the pleasant event. He said he would be always thankful for one thing, and that was that he had voted for Horace Greeley for President.

THE PENITENTES OF NEW MEXIC O. The Barbarous Performances of Religious Fanatics.

and took passage on a sailing vessel for The Penitentes seem to a newcomer in Valparaiso, Chili. There for five years he the country to be a strange order of superwas employed in the house of Vorweck & stitious fanatics, the old flagellants of the dark ages, who have come down by some ecclesiastical ledgerdemain, landing in this corner of the terrestrial footstool. Their performances are a touch of baptized barparism clutching at the skirts of this nineteenth century. The horribleness of seeing them at work flagellating themselves on Good Friday is akin in the recollection to the heartrending moans of the wounded and dying in a terrible calamity.

They compose a secret organization that is fast dying out and is not now sanctioned by the dominant church, and the worst of their doings are supposed to take place in their lodge rooms. They are seen to outsiders only when marching in procession. carrying each a rough wooden cross nearly heavy enough to crush them under its weight. Their backs are usually bare, and as they stagger along as best they can. weighted down by their burdensome load in body and their sins in mind, their brethren beat them with clubs and prick them with cacti till, in many instances, there isn't an inch of flesh that isn't torn and bleeding.

Not infrequently they die from the terri-ble effects of the horrible punishment inflicted. A doleful chanting, in which they specify the particular sins they are trying to expiate, is continually kept up. And yet this class is usually composed of the rabble element of the community. Often, whenthey get through their penances, they go straight off and get drunk and run up another score of evil deeds done in the body greater than the last. They seem to hold implicitly to the belief that every sin committed must be paid for in suffering, and the more pain one endures here the less be will have hereafter.

These poor, deluded Penitentes are not attempting any moral improvements. They are merely endeavoring to shorten their stay in purgatory, and horrid work they make of it. Any one who was ever so un-fortunate as to be locked in one of their odges must admit that a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty crept over him while there. Perchance a dim light, as the scene may be described, made awfully indistinct and ghastly the rude form of Christ on the cross; the men stretched out full length on the ground, more like corpses than living beings, and the wretched objects who plied the scourges on themselves and the others. making the blood spurt at every stroke, while the yells, wails and howls were indescribably terrible.

But such barbarous practices will soon have become obsolete in New Mexico. Even now it is only the well-informed who can point out their hiding places when engaged in their flagellations.

DIAMONDS IN TEETH. An Expensive Filling That is Hardly Likely to Become Popular.

Some time ago a New York paper told a story, whether true or not has never appeared, that a dentist had inserted a diamond in the tooth of a sprightly actress with which she dazzled the dudes who nightly pre-empted the first rows of orchestra chairs. The report was afterwards denied, and the newspapers of the country promptly filled their columns with funny paragraphs about the tooth, diamond and the other ingredients. It remained for a St. Paul dentist, Dr. Ellis, to actually accomplish this feat. A short time ago alady with a badly decayed upper lateral incisor entered his office, and, after examination, the doctor informed her that the only means of saving the tooth would be to substitute a gold crown. In a joking way he referred to the diamond story, and laughingly suggested that there was an excellent opportunity to try the experiment in her case. To his surprise his patient, who proved to be an actress, assented. Dr. Elis procured a small-sized brilliant, and embedded it in the gold crown which he built on the remains of the natural predecessor. The actress is delighted with the result and declares that the next gem inserted shall be a carat in weight. The stone is not conspicuous, and might escape notice altogether, although a ray of artificial light makes it sparkle in a way likely to arouse curiosity. The actress is the nearest actual approach to the little girl in the fairy story from whose mouth gems dropped whenever she spoke. It is hardly probable that any such fashion will become general, although an inspection of the jeweled incisor shows that the effect is far less startling than would be expected.

A horse-shoe nailed, for luck, upon a mast That mast, wave-bleached, upon the shore was saw, and thence no fetich I revered,

Yet safe, through tempest, to my haven steered The place with rose and myrtle was o'ergrown, Yet feud and sorrow held it for their own. My garden then I sowed without one fear-Sowed fennel, yet lived griefless all the year.

Brave lines, long life, did my friend's hand dis-Not so mine own; yet mine is quick to-day. Once more in his I read fate's idle jest, Then fold it down forever on his breast

-Edith M. Thomas, in Atlantic Monthly. Mayor Peck's First Culprit.

The first culprit brought before Humorist Peck, the new Mayor of Milwaukee, was a fourteen-year-old boy. "What's the charge!" asked the Mayor.

"Malicious mischief, yer Honor," replied the officer. "The prisoner went into a store, poured coal-oil into the molasses barrel, upset the cracker-boxes, soaped the steps. emptied sand into the sugar, piled a dozen tin cans over the door, which fell on the head of Sockheimer, the proprietor, and committed other depredations.' "Is this true, boyf" asked the Mayor, in severe tone. "It is, yer Honor," whimpered the lad. " was only imitating 'Peck's Bad Boy,' who

made people laugh, and I didn't know it

Has Had a Good Effect.

President Harrison recommended a law which would make it compulsory upon railroads to afford better protection from dan-ger to their employes. Since that recom-

OUR DADDIES' DOLLAR. History of the First Coins Made by the Government-Mint Methods Years Ago. Pitteburg Dispatch.

The history of the Philadelphia mint has many points of interest. The first building for the purpose was situated on Seventh street, below Arch, a little brick-structure, part of which is still standing in the rear of one of the massive edifices put up during the past few years. It was founded in 1702, under the personal supervison of Washington, who was then President, and Robert Morris, the great revolutionary financier, both of whom resided at the then seet of reverse was the resident. the then seat of government. Washington was especially interested in the erection of the building, and was a daily visitor to watch its progress, and was eager to have the coins of the new Republic issued as speedily as possible. This eagerness was shown by his furnishing silver from his own private collection of plate to strike some dimes and half dimes before the entire completion of the building; and there are now in our mint cabinet several pieces of this period that were struck at his personal request from that material to satisfy his laudable ambition to see and possess United States coins. This was in the latter part of 1792. Together with a few copper pattern pieces of the half dollar and quarter dollar these were the only pieces struck before the general operations of the mint commenced in 1793. They may be considered as really experimental, for Congress was not able to supply any material for coinage until the latter year.

It seems rather strange to say to this gen-eration that only ninety-seven years ago. in the time of their grandfathers, that this great country was then so poor and so lit-tle developed that its Congress, which now can appropriate hundreds of millions yearly for its general expenses, could not then furnish the metals to manufacture its own coins; and in the year 1793 nothing but copper came to hand for that purpose, and that in such limited quantity that only a few cent pieces could be struck, which fact is evidenced to-day by the premiums paid for the cent issue of 1793. The silver coins struck for Washington were the only ones made previous to 1794, which gives them additional value as relics and make them exceptionally interesting from these asso-

In this little building all the coins were manufactured for the United States until the year 1882 (when the present mint building was erected.) The appliances for the work to be done were very meager, when compared with those of to-day. The motive power for driving the machinery, which consisted of a pair of upright rolls, was a stout horse, attached to a long lever, walking round a circle, dragging the lever after him, which, by its connection at the other extremity, set the rolls in motion (just like the methods now used in agricultural regions to grind apples for cider-making). and the metal being introduced between the rolls was gradually reduced to the proper thickness, or thinness would be proper, probably. This was a work of considerable magnitude then, as any one may know and appre ciate who has worked at a cider-mil grinding apples and been swearingly provoked at the four-legged motor for getting stuck when a particularly hard core got fast in the mill during the grinding process. It required the expenditure of considerable time. The metal, of course, had to be first reduced to the approximate size on the anvil and the rolls gave it the regularity and finish necessary for the next operation of cutting out the blanks of planchets (a term given to the discs of metal before stamping), which was done by hand, much like a blacksmith punching iron, only that the instruments used for cutting out these thin blanks were in perfeet condition and cut the piece clean This doue, the blanks were annealed or softened and were ready to receive the impression of the dies.

The press of that day was a screw operated by a long lever extending eight to ten feet on either side. There were two dies, the upper and lower, as now, the lower one being securely set in the base, and the upper one in an iron block fitting above which brought the die in direct contact with the coin to be made. Then one man would take hold of either end of the lever and run swiftly as possible, forcing the lever before them, thus bringing the screw down upon the upper block with as great an impact as he could, which produced the impression of both dies upon the blank, making it a perfect coin. This was a slow process, and could not probably produce more than one coin in a minute or more, as the men operating the lever had to reverse their run to raise the screw up to a sufficient height to insert a new blank, but it seemed to be sufficient for the times, and although we at this distance laugh at the primitive method, no doubt the operators of that period were as proud of their work as we are now of the beautiful artistic finish to which we are so accustomed as to scarcely

notice it. The force of workmen at that period was also quite small. A list of employes then in the service now hangs in the mint cabinet, and consists of 19 able-bodied men and 2 women, with pay ranging from 50 cents to \$1.80 per day. They had 5 adjusters, They now have nearly 200. Then 1 roller, now 15; 1 press-man, now 25 press-women; 1 anneaier, now 12; 1 door-keeper, now 10 or 12, and 1 hostler to fire up the motive power; beside that a boy, presumably to run the mail, as the allowance of drinkmoney was not abolished until 1825.

As time went on and the increase of population and business required, the inventive genius that has since accomplished such wonders was at work, and improvements were made in the appliances, and the output increased until, like at the present time, the demand outgrew the source of supply, and the remedy was furnished in the present plant. This was a tremendous leap for the time, and gives evidence of the large and broad-minded views of the statesmen of that period, who thought they were supplying resources sufficiently large for an indefinite period. But no one could foresee such strides as have been made since then. History furnishes no parallel to the progress of the nineteenth century in our wonderful land. Perhaps our large ideas now may be still more at fault with the condition of things sixty years hence.

If our statesmen of to-day will work as conscientionsly in the matter, and give us the best according to their light, as their predecessors of 1830 did in their time, it is ill we can ask, and we will leave the men of 1950 to shift for themselves, confident that they will allow full justice to the men of to-day, as we do those of sixty years ago.

A MODERN BATTLE AT SEA. The Stir on Board a War-Ship on Sighting an Enemy. Lieutenant Fiske, in the Forum

Each vessel will clear for action as soon as the other is discerned-perhaps five miles away. Each will probably slow down at first, in order to gain time for preparation. and especially for getting the steam pressure up to the highest point. Forced draft will at once be started and the subdued roar of the air being driven through the furnaces, to accelerate combustion, and the whir of the dynamos will be added to the clang of the gun-breech blocks as they are swung open to admit the projectile to the breech, the hum of the amunition-hoists raising powder and shell to the decks, and the quiet. firm orders of authority. On deck, the Gatling guns and revolving cannon, and the rapid-fire guns in the tops, are ot noiselessly into readiness; the captain takes his place in the armored conning tower with the chief quartermaster and his aid: the executive officer assumes charge of the battery and remains near at hand to take the captain's place in case of his death or disability; the range-finders are got in-to position, and the officer in charge begins to report from time to time the distance of

the enemy, now drawing closer. Probably not a shot will be fired until this distance is reduced to 2,000 yards, and probably both ships will keep pointed toward each other until that time. But now what will the contestants do? It has been held that both will advance steadily toward each other-each commander hoping that some false move on the part of his adversary will enable him to rush forward, discharge his bow torpedo at five hundred yards, and perhaps follow it up with his ram and end the fight at once—until they have approached so close, say five hundred yards, that neither dares to swerve lest he himself be rammed, so that the ships will at length collide end on, and may be both

The various inventions of the past few years—rapid-fire guns, high explosives, torpedoes, submarine boats, dynamite guns and range-finders, the increased power and perfection of steam and electric machinery, the improvements in powder and in steel for projectiles and for armor—have not revolutionized naval science so much as they have broadened it. The principles of strategy remain the same, and so does the strategy remain the same, and so does the necessity for the seaman's skill. Engineers construct, inventors invent, experiments are tried, sham battles are fought and than he can find in a newspaper.

neated discussions agitate the naval mind but the only thing that can determine the real conditions of modern naval warfare is a modern naval war.

MARSHALS OF FRANCE. How the First One Was Created-Those Made

by the Great Napoleon. Henry Haynie, in San Francisco Chronicle Those who henceforth aspire to the marshal's baton must seek it on the other side of the Rhine, exclaimed General Chanzy when he heard that the military com-mission of 1873 had decided there should no longer be any officer named for promotion to a marshalate in the French army. At the to a marshalate in the French army. At the present moment there is no higher rank than that of general of division, all divisions and corps being commanded by officers of that grade. Naturally, there is constant clashing, for, not with standing all the lovely phrases about moral ascendency and that sort of thing, authority of superior rank is indispensible to supreme command. A grade higher than that of general of division exists in all other countries of Europe. In Germany there are eight officers, in Austria there are thirty-two and in Russia over ninety who have higher rank than general of division, and as there is not one in this country the re-establishment of the grade of marshal, which is now being considered, will be a good thing for the servsidered, will be a good thing for the serv-

In the beginning marshals of France sprang from simple officers who had charge of the King's stables, though later on those who had this rank were advanced to the summit of the military hierarchy and shared with constables the command of the sovereign's soldiers. They become the same ereign's soldiers. They became the equal of the greatest personages in the kingdom and were always surrounded with extraordinary pomp and circumstance. Their insignia, a sign of supreme military command, played a great role in former days, although it was not always a baton that they carried. When Louis XIII entered Hesdin through a breach in the walls he stopped, handed his cane to General De la Meilleraye and said: "I make you Marshal of France, and here

Louis XIV created so many marshals that t would have cost him a number of canes f he had given one to each, so he contented himself with putting his own walking-stick into the hands of the newly-promoted officer, and then he took it back again. Marshals of the old regime seldom omitted to hold the legendary baton, embossed with when commanding in the battle-field. Nowdays, however, and for a long time past, the insignia is hardly more than a myth so far as command is concerned; marshals eave it at home when they go to war, and it no longer figures except on the panels of their carriage doors, or in the portraits of the Versailles Museum.

The number of marshals has varied at different epochs in French history. At first there was only one, but during the reign of Saint Louis two were appointed and they combined with their military functions the management of the roya stables. Francois I added a third marshal to this list and Henry II created a fourth one. After that the number still further ncreased, but the states of Blois required that there should thereafter be no more than four of them. Henry IV took no notice of this decision and rewarded his faithful followers by naming seven marshals. Louis XIV ran the number up to eighteen, but up to the end of the reign of Louis XVI the number varied from tifteen to sixteen. In 1791 a decree was issued reducing them to six, but the two marshals last nominated by Louis Seize were not included among these six titularies. These were the Baron De Luckner and Count De Rochambeau. Abolished by the first republic, they were again established by a senatus-consultum of the 22d Floreal, an XII, and then they took the title of marshals of the empire.

It was necessary, however, to conques this supreme rank to have won a pitched battle or to have taken two fortified places. During his reign Napoleon I created twenty-five marshals. Their patronymical names may have been modest, even plebeian, but the title of nobility that accompanied their baton always recalled a great victory. The restoration preserved the rank and gave those who held it the name of marshals of France. One of them, M. Moncey, Duke of Conegliano, had the rank taken away from him because he refused to preside over the council of war that tried Marshal Ney, one of his old comrades. As for the. latter, he not only had his grade taken away, but he was struck off the list of the living.

From 1828 to 1839 there was never more than twelve marshals. A law of 1839 fixed their number at six in peace and twelve in time of war. The republic of 1848 did not abolish the dignity, and finally, under the second empire, nineteen marshals were created. I can quite understand why the French republic should thus far have refused to create marshals, for the marechalat is a rank that hitherto could only exist under a monarchy. Indeed marshals of France have always been known as the sovereign's cousins. The baton itself indicates this, for on one side is written: "O such a date the Emperor (or King) gave to his consin, General X, this baton of marshal." Apropos or these batons—an old saying is that one may, perhaps, be carried in his knapsack by any soldier. It was during the reign of Francois I when they became the essential insignia of the marechalat. A baton measures twenty inches long, is covered with royal blue velvet and is sprinkled with golden stars, these having replaced the bees of the empire, which in its turn had crowded off the fleur-de-lis of the monarchy.

Apprenticeship on a Farm. A. Dwinell, in New England Farmer.

No better place can be found for a young man to fit himself for the business of farming than that afforded by a well-equipped and well-managed farm. But unfortunately the farms which by any possible stretch of the imagination can be considered first-class training-schools for embryo farmers, are dismally few and far between There are plenty of farms that are wel suited for the rearing of city merchants, lawyers, politicians and railroad men, but not for the rearing of farmers. It is a lamentable and stubborn fact, indeed, that a large majority of farms in this country are managed in such an unskillful and shiftless way that a young man working on one of them, instead of being developed into an enthusiastic and enterprising tiller of the soil, is more likely to become disgusted

with the occupation. When an energetic and aspiring young man manifests an honest inclination to make of himself a farmer and one some what superior to the ordinary run of plow joggers, my advice to him would be to hire out as a sort of agricultural student to some intelligent farmer whose success has been such as to satisfy his own ambitionif he can find such a one who will take him. If he fails to find such a one, which is most likely to be the case, his next best course would be to try an agricultural col-

The Summer Shirt. New York Metropolitan. I have received many letters concerning the paragraph about a reform in men's clothes. Last year the World introduced the flannel shirt, and it was very successfu in its sphere, but it does not meet the long-felt want of comfortable full dress. My fashionable friend, Curtis, once attempted a reform, and was called "Point-lace Curtis" for years in consequence. Senator Evarts used to wear shirts of the finest linen, the bosom unstarched, and he looked as cool as an iceberg in the warmest weath er. I had shirts made upon this mode last summer. Let us begin moderately, without at once indulging in lace rufiles, and by and by fashion will declare starch

obsolete for men. Meddlers Got Their Fingers Burned.

The metropolitan Democratic paper jumped on Private Secretary Halford, after a little speech he made in Indianapolis the other day, about the all-American congress and its work. These great editors discovered that Halford had been putting in his lip on matters that. Mr. Blaine had the call, and that his remarks were of the nature of a snub to the Secretary of State. But since it turns out that Halford got all his points from Blaine and that Blaine backs his speech, the great Democratic editors feel somewhat silly.

A Surprised Tourist.

Boston Journal. An English tourist has written a letter to a newspaper ridiculing the way we name our food. He was surprised to find that green corn is yellow.

Every Wife Makes Them.

Texas Siftings.

PENSIONS FOR VETERANS.

Residents of Indiana and Illinois Whose Claims Have Been Allowed. Pensions have been granted the followingnamed Indianians:

named Indianians:

Original Invalid—Jos. Elsworth, Nottingham;
Caleb Bennett, Romney; Ben. F. Collins, Rockville; Thos. Paskit, Monroe City; Noah Laughrim, Zionsville; Jos. L. Finley, Kokomo; Albert Bates, Indianapolis; Addison T. Hall, Cammack; Henry Blank, St. Maurice; Henry F. Pieper, Bicknell; Samuel P. Fisher, Frankfort; Wilson J. Hiatt, Jerome; Archibald Allen, Tazewelf. Jacob Winterheimer, Wadesville; Prederick Wyrick, Milford; Martin Gier, Indianapolis; Levi Johnson, Merone; Elijah Lucas, Washington; Thos. Tanner, Aurora; Ephraim Duncan, Greenfield; Hugh Deeran, New Cumberland; Wm. A. Ward, Mount Meridian; Isaac Skinner, Mier; John H. Martin, Indianapolis; Geo. Smith, Plum Tree; Michael C. Coryell, North Vernon; Gustavus O. Collins, Rochester; Wm. L. Ritter, Hartford City; Wm. L. Holbert, Elrod; Francis M. Armstrong, Indianapolis; Lafayette McKown, Greenville; Oliver P. Swift, Bean Blossom; Benj. Shoup, Hebron; Wm. A. Park, New Albany; John Troxelle; Jonesborough; Even Gresham, Salem; Alexander Hemberlin, Crumtown; Edward W. Ulrich, Sharpsville; Lewis McGaughey, Napoleon; Thomas Craven, Milan; Edward Gudgel, Oakland City; John Crowson, Kokomo; John A. Worthman, North Madison; John W. Blackhetter, Daggett; Wm. McKinney, Ray; Vancent Brown, Vevay; Benjamin Dyer, Terre Haute: John Senp. Cannelton: Orland Hood. Blackhetter, Daggett; Wm. McKinney, Ray; Vancent Brown, Vevay; Benjamin Dyer, Terre Haute; John Senn, Cannelton; Orland Hood, Greensburg; David Winkler, Franklin; Henry J. Imboden, Dale; Hamlin A. Coe, Elkhart; John B. Gooldy, Sullivan; Robert F. Davis, Ramsey; Tilghman A. H. Busick, Orleans; Absalom Jordan, Vincennes; Francis M. Cox, Dupont; Andrew T. Suter, Paragon; Wm. Corson, North Lansing; Henry Fawley, Wabash; Calvin H. Kerns, Fort Wayne; Samuel C. Story, Williamsport; Wm. Rice, Spencer; John S. McGranahan, Fontanell; Adam Hogle, New Palestine; Cicero Henager, Augusta; Mordecai H. Skaggs, Ellettsville; Jas. F. McGregor, Glenwood; Vincent F. Brewning, Columbus; David Brown, Kokomo; Wm. H. Slough, Worthington; Daniel R. Sowder, New Winchester; Stephen Faddis, Monon; Frank Mason, Fisher's Switch.

Reissue—Wm. H. Smail, Covington; Henry P.

Mason, Fisher's Switch.

Reissue-Wm. H. Smail, Covington; Henry P.
Fulk, Coal City; Joseph Hopper, Anderson; Allen Riley, Lafayette; David Musgrove, Dale.

Original Widows, etc.—Learm Morris, former widow of Alex. G. Saxon, Logansport; minors of Alexander G. Saxon, Logansport; minors of John P. McCormick, Velpen; Mary L., widow of Jas. D. Orr, Selma; minors of Jos. S. Martin, Aurora; Evaline Moody, former widow of John W. Pendry, Queercus Grove; Elizabeth, widow of John Knight, Bloomington; Laura Anderson, sister of Jonathan Dooley, New Harmony.

Widows' Arrears—Catharine, widow of John Burwick, Cadiz.

TO RESIDENTS OF ILLINOIS.

Original-Robert H. Wise, New Burnside; Willlam R. Walker, White Hall; John Todd, Denver; Jesse M. E. Kinsey, Arcola; George W. Brewer, Summum; Carl Wanderlich, Lewistown; Mathew Litherland, Grayville; John T. Levy, Urbana; Zachary T. Jett, Greenville; William C. Allen, Vienna: George S. Bristol, Chicago; James R. Smith, Cairo; John Schneider (deceased), Dwight James A. Hawkins, Chicago; Andrew H. Nelson, Pleasant View; Josiah Skillman, Salem; Charles A. Westgate, Peotone; John Vore, Cedarville. Restoration and increase-Emanuel Moore, Elery; Clark E. Calligan, Chicago. Increase—Herschal J. Moore, Avon: James J. Fleming, Xenia: George B. Hoge, Chicago; Jas. M. Snow, Weburn; John Coakley, Polo; Cyrus Bobb, Freeport; Benjamin Martin, Freeport, Joseph Bishop, Hodge's Park; Theophilus Schaerer, Peoria; Edward C. Reus, Peoria; Thomas J. Davis, Peoria; Lucas B. Phil ips, Bryant; Simon Muentz, Chicago; Hollie P. Swan, Saunemin; Joseph A. J. Black, Law-renceville; George W. Vilas, Collinsville; Frederick Mishler, Leaf River; William H. Stover, Cairo Elijah Wells, Pleasant Mound; James Sime, Thebes; Anton Tanner, Pinckneyville; Washington Dukes, Lawrenceville; Jesse H. Bloom (deceased), Quincy; Willis W. Eakley, Lexington; George W. Dickinson, Salem; William J. Icena-

gle, Frederick. Reissue-William F. Lord, Willow Hill Original Widows, etc.-Isabella, widow of John Boyd, Equality (old war); Policy A., widow of Henry H. Crinstaff, Villa Ridge; Charlotte Hackett, former widow of John W. Grieves, Kibbie Mary Sullivan, mother of Mark Carr, Savanna Mary Jane, widow of Joseph B. Penter, Wood-lawn; Rhody, widow of Jesse H. Bloom, Quincy; Harriett Philpot, former widow of William Hunt, Perry; minor of William Hunt, Perry.

A FAMOUS BULL-FIGHTER.

Frascuelo Leaves the Ring-His Long Career and Many Accidents. Advices from Madrid state that Frascuelo the celebrated toreador and favorite bullfighter of Spain, has left the ring. Last Sunday was the occasion selected for his last performance, and the excitement was intense. Unheard-of prices were paid for seats, and sixteen thousand people of all ranks, including the Infanta Dona Isabella, were present. After killing several bulls, Frascnelo left the ring amid cheers, acclamations and tears.

Salvador Sanchez, which is Frascuelo's real name, is not much over fifty years of age, and retires after twenty-three years of continuous service in the ring. Like singers, actors, and other show people, Frascuelo was induced to give one more farewell performance; and this is said to be his real very last. It was reported in October, 1889, that he had killed his last bull at San Sebastian, and had retired to private life. He would have been good for many more years of bull-fighting but for a wound of the right hand, gamed in one of his contests last year. One of the last of Frascnelo's escapes was a few years ago in the Madrid ring, where he was tossed again and again by an enraged Muira bull. It was thought at the time that he was mortally wounded. He was carried home on a stretcher, followed by crowds so large that the mounted guard had to keep the people

For several days after the accident Spanjards of every station in life called to ask about him. On the list of callers the proudest grandees placed their names side by side with those of the humblest admirers of the famous bull-fighter. On the first day the King of Spain sent his Lord High Chamberlain to inquire, and an aide-decamp of Don Alfonso XII followed on each of the succeeding days until the medical bulletin announced that Salvador Sanchez was out of danger. He had made a handsome fortune and then determined to retire. A short time ago he cut off the knot of hair which all toreadors wear at the back of the head as the insignia of their profession and presented it to his little daughter, Jose, a sign that he would enter

Salvador Sanchez was not intended by his father to be a bull-fighter. He was the son of poor parents, and was apprenticed to an upholsterer. He learned the trade. but, when still a young man, took a great fancy to the society of bull-fighters. Whenever he could afford it, the boy went to the ring. He also studied the bulls in their wild state on their pasture grounds He never feared them. By degrees he deserted the upholsterer's shop, and devoted himself exclusively to bull-fighting. Young Salvador very soon began to attract attention by his agility and fearlessness, and grew to be a favorite in the provincial bullrings, and later became known even in Madrid. One day he was called upon replace a celebrated matador who had been killed in the ring, and after that he tool rank next to Lajartjo and the best toreros of the day; then he married a boautiful woman, whose mother and sisters stil keep the largest and most prosperous fish stall in one of the Madrid markets. Frascuelo's children, who are growing up, look more like their mother than their father. He takes pride in giving them a good education. He spends a great deal on his family and denies them no comfort or lux-ury. His eldest daughter, a beautiful giri, and his wife have jewelry and brilliants that can vie with those of ladies of rank. Great bull-fighters receive so many pres ents that they can well bestow a part of their treasure upon their family and followers. They generally keep for themselves, however, the splendid rings that cover their fingers and the beautiful stude of emeralds and diamonds that adorn their shirt-fronts. Frascuelo is especially noted

for his fondness for these trinkets and for the care he takes in his attire. Frascuelo used to be a conspicuous figure at the corner of the Puerta del Sol, the famous square of Madrid, lounging or standing with a group of toreros, listening to their gossip on the eve of some buil-fight. You could not call him a very handsome man, and still there was something interesting in the gypsy cast of his features, his wild, restless eyes, dark olive skin, heavy eyebrows, thick, bright red lips, sparkling white teeth, and curly, raven hair, now besprinkled with gray. Like all toreros, he was often a guest of men of the higher classes who patronized bull-fighting. Frascuelo always behaved well in the company of his betters, and seldom allowed himself to be distanced in politeness or grandiloquent Spanish courtesy. It is an error to suppose that toreros are admitted into ladies' society, except in very fast sets; but foreign ladies have sometimes, when passing through Spain, invited Frascuelo and Lajartijo to their table. Men about town relate some very piquant stories of the gallantry and high-flown compliments said, on these occasions, especially by Frascuelo, to his hostess, though they did not always catch the full meaning of the witty shafts aimed at them in the vernacular by Salvador Sanchez. He retires with a fortune estimated at



NEVER BETS ON HIS OWN HORSE.

They tell a good story of a man who has a fondness for fast horses. A year or two ago he had one that was said to be a "flyer," regularities," and all the peculiar diseases and marvelous stories were told of what she from which their sex suffers so much,

round sum, if she can do what you claim she can?" he asked. "That would prove that you had confidence in her, but as it it is—." "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr.

to bet on my own nag, especially when I feel | strength-giver. sure that she can't come out ahead ?" When a man knows he can accomplish what he undertakes, he doesn't feel too mod- and is invaluable in allaying and subdu-

and marvelous stories were told of what she had done, and was capable of doing. But an intimate friend noticed that the owner of the wonderful horse never staked any money on her.

"Why don't you back her for a good, "Why don't you back her for a good, "Why don't you back her for a good, "The which then sex suffers a proves that his faith was well founded. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "See here, my friend," said the other, with a twinkle in his eye, "don't you know me well enough to know that I'm too modest petizing cordial and restorative tonic, or Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest As a soothing and strengthening nerv-

ine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled est to say so. When Dr. Pierce put his ing nervous excitability, irritability, ex-"Favorite Prescription" before the public haustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and as a certain remedy for "female weakness," other distressing, nervous symptoms, com-with "satisfaction guaranteed or money re- monly attendant upon functional and funded" on every bottle of it, it proved organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep that he had entire confidence in the prep- and relieves mental anxiety and despondaration. He felt sure of its merits, and ency.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill Smaller Co.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to Take. One Tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents. by druggists.

yet, when the bull gained an advantage which imperiled the life of their favorite they shouted, in the true spirit of the sport, "Bravo, toro!" His costume in the arena was of that peculiar splendor which bullfighters affect, and he has long been the most picturesque figure in those gorgeous and barbaric spectacles of antiquity which have made Spain famous.

SAVED AT THE LAST MOMENT. Rescue Through President Lincoin's Intercession of a Deserter.

Detective Carter tells a story of the sav ing of his brother-in-law's life during the rebellion. The person whose life was spared was Charles H. Scott, who has since died. "In 1860, when Scott was still a boy, said the detective, "he was learning blacksmithing at a little place called Anandale. in Fairfax county, Va. He became dissatisfied with his country home and workshop and enlisted in the Union army. He was with General Twiggs in Texas when the latter surrendered his small army to the opposing forces, and himself joined their forces. Young Scott refused to go with the enemy and was consequently made prisoner. He was afterward exchanged when General Banks was on the Red river. Scott fought gallantly in the battles in which he participated, and was afterward transferred to the Eighth Regulars. Under the command of General McClellan he served in the Peninsular campaign and took part in many battles. Having become a sergeant he was sent in the early part of

1864 to Johnson's island, N. Y., with rebel "While in New York he managed to ge of going to Johnson's island he got under the influence of liquor. Some days afterward he was arrested in New York city as a deserter, and as such was sent to Governor's island. He had not been there long before he was tried by court-martial

and sentenced to be shot. "Although under the sentence of death continued Detective Carter, "I continue to receive letters from him, but he did no even intimate where he was, and I, course, was under the impression that he was still doing regular duty, until one Saturday night, when I received a letter from him in which he stated his case and asked me to do what I could do for him. H asked me to see President Lincoln and plead for his life. I went out in search of some one who could get an audience with the President, and I met John H. Semmes who was then running for Mayor. I stated to him the case of my brother-in-law Scott and asked him to do what he could.

"'Certainly," was his reply, and together we went to the National Hotel, where we met Senator J. H. Lane, who was an intimate friend of the mayoralty candidate. The Senator was on his way to the sick chamber of a friend, but he agreed to go t the White House and intercede in behalf of the condemned man.

"It was then after 8 o'clock Saturday night, and Scott was to be shot on the fol lowing Monday morning, I called a carriage and in a few minutes we reached the White House. The Serator's card was at once honored and we were admitted. There was a New York delegation occupying the President's attention at the time. Presi dent Lincoln was just finishing a joke when we entered and the New Yorkers had a good laugh, as though they enjoyed th President's story. "When the Senator approached the Pres

ident, the New Yorkers stepped back, and Mr. Semmes and I were introduced. I related the story of my brother-in-law's arrest and sentence. After a brief conversation, the President had a telegram sent to General Dix, who was then in command in New York, instructing him not to enforce the sentence until the papers had been forwarded to Washington for examination, 'and,' added the President, 'I'll assure you that the young man will not be shot unless he deserted in the face of the enemy.' "At the direction of the President, Mr. Semmes and myself returned to the executive mansion the following day, which was Sunday. While we were waiting to see the President, Secretary Stanton passed through the room and in a couple of minutes the President sent for us. The President had a dispatch in his hand, which he had received from General Dix, stating that under a general order all persons in confinement charged with military offenses were entitled to discharge, and that Scott came under that order. The President feelingly assured us that in any case he would have spared Scott's life, as he had done gallant service and had not deserted when his services were most needed. Scott afterward reinlisted, and a few years ago

How to Handle Bees.

New York Independent.
To the Rev. D. L. Langstroth we owe the knowledge that bees when gorged with honey will not sting. Hence, if we can get them into this condition we may handle them without fear. Mr. Langstroth recommended opening the hives carefully and then sprinkling the bees with sweetened \$600,000.

Water, but of late years smoke is used to mixture. The compound will require frighten them, when they quickly fill with moistening from time to time, and will afficient and some and are handled with ease. The improve with age.

writer uses only a little smoke, wears neither gloves nor a veil, and yet gets but very few stings. To handle bees one must be calm, fearless and free from all offensive odors. Bees especially dislike the odor of perspira-tion, and one perspiring, should not handle them. To open a hive, puff a little smoke in at the entrance, wait five minutes, puff some more in, and at once open the hive and proceed to examine it. If the bees are unruly, give them more smoke and wait awhile; in time the smoke will subdue them. A little chloroform on a sponge, placed in the smoker, will answer in place of the smoke.

Remember never to strike at a bee. Do not be jerky in any of your movements. Don't breathe on them. Don't squeeze any of them. If stung on the hand suck the part until all the odor disappears:

The Family Horse.

Correspondence Country Gentleman. A good many of us, at least once in cur ife, have occasion to purchase a family horse, and it is also true that many feel considerable diffidence in approaching the matter. There is a prevalent impression that a horse can conceal within his person more tricks, hereditary weaknesses and other short-comings than any other animal. The fact that so much unsoundness, both of body and disposition, can be concealed from unskilled eyes makes the owner of these eyes suspicious of every piece of horse-flesh that is offered him. It is fortupate that this is so, for such suspicion has a tendency toward caution. I would suggest that the intending purchaser of a family horse let the average "jockey" severely alone. The indiscriminate trading of good, bad and indifferent horses has, in two many cased, the effect of dulling that portion of a human being called the con-

The most desirable course to pursue when the purchaser is not an expert in equine matters is to take the horse on trial, after having made as good a selection as possible from external appearances. A week's driv-ing will bring out the good and bad quali-ties of a horse pretty effectually. It can be seen then whether the animal shies or not. If he does, don't finish out the week of trial that fault should condemn him if he has no other. With a shying horse one is always nervously on the watch, and very likely also on the edge of an embankment, and

lucky he is if he goes no further. A week's driving will also show whether the horse is afraid of the cars, the noise machinery, and numerous other sights and sounds that are met constantly. A horse may have the finest disposition in the world, and yet, if easily frightened or addicted to shying, he is entirely unfitted to be a family horse that women and children may drive; and a family horse that a man's wife cannot be trusted to drive is exceedingly poor property. If the owner will not let the horse go on trial-and many dealers are not willing to do it-at least the buyer should insist on taking a drive with the animal alone, and should demand a guarantee that the horse may be returned if not found as represented. Some of the desirable traits in a family horse are kindness of disposition, good size and strength, and the ability to walk fast. It is of special importance that he should travel smoothly, and draw the carriage evenly, some horses having the disagreeable habit of starting suddenly, and thus jerking the vehicle whenever they are urged forward with the voice or a touch of the whip. A horse with a very heavy coat of hair is

to be avoided, since this makes grooming a much more difficult matter. The thick coats induces such abundant perspiration as to make the horse look unkempt whenever he has been driven. Unless this perspiration is thoroughly cleaned out, the hair will soon get into a very filthy condition. Another point to notice is the position of the mane. A few horses are to be found with this falling over upon the left side of the neck, causing a good deal of vexation in harnessing, since it is almost sure to get-into the buckle when buckling the throatlatch of the bridle or halter. As this is the side on which a horse is usually hitched in the stall, it gives him a chance to rub his mane, if he is so disposed—and he frequently is. Width of face between the eyes, breadth of back just forward of the hips, a broad, deep chest, and good up-standing feet (not flat) are points that should be well considered.

Gather rose petals. Put into a china bowl a handful of leaves, then one of salt, and so on till all the leaves are used. Cover the top with salt. Let it remain five days, stirring twice a day. They should now be moist. Add three ounces whole alispice, one ounce stick cinnamon, broken to bits. he died at Little Rock, Ark. I still have the dispatch," concluded detective Carter, "which was received by President Lincoln from General Dix."

Let stand a week, turning daily from top to bottom. Then place in the permanent jar the stock layer by layer. Sprinkle between the layers one ounce cloves, one ounce allspice, one ounce cinnamon, two nutmegs, some ginger-root, haif an ounce anise-seed, some lavender flowers, two ounces powdered ordis-root, ten grains of finest musk. Then add essential oils at pleasure rose, geranium, bergamot, or any to suit taste.

Moisten the compound with cologne,
orange flower water, or rose water. Orange
and lemon peel and freshly dried flowers of
scented varieties may be added to the
mixture. The compound will require